

*Through
the Year
with
American
Poets*



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Book .M25

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Through the Year
with
American Poets



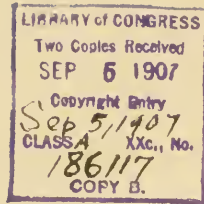
James F. Wilson

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AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 1.

I see not a step before me as I tread on
another year;
But I've left the past in God's keeping—
the future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance may
brighten as I draw near.

M. G. Brainard.

JANUARY 2.

All before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day;
Night and darkness are behind.

Emerson.

JANUARY 3.

Never, my heart, shalt thou grow old!
.
.
.
.
.
.
One by one my powers depart,
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

L. J. Hall.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 4.

Laugh at danger far or near!
Spurn at baseness! spurn at fear!
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth and do the right.

A. H. Everett.

JANUARY 5.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From duty's claims no life is free—
Behold, to-day hath need of thee!

W. H. Burleigh.

JANUARY 6.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 7.

O fear not in a world like this,
 'And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong!

Longfellow.

JANUARY 8.

The sparrow told it to the robin,
The robin told it to the wren,
Who passed it on, with sweet remark,
To thrush, and bobolink, and lark—
The news that Dawn had come again!

A. M. Pratt.

JANUARY 9.

Rise, trim thy lamp; the feeble past
 Behind thee put and spurn.
With God it is not soon or late,
So that thy light, now flaming great,
 Doth ever fiercer burn.

S. P. McL. Greene.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 10.

Over the foot-worn track, over the rock
and thorn

The tired heart looked back to the
olive leaves of morn,
To the fair, lost fields again, and said, "I
hear it! Oh, hark!"—

Though the bird were long since slain,
though the song had died in the
dark.

V. W. Cloud.

JANUARY 11.

On the wind my spirit flew;
Its freedom was mine as well.
For a moment the world was new:
What came there to break the spell?
The wind still freshly blew;
My spirit it was that fell.

W. Howells.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 12.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
A simple thought, a common feeling,
If He be present in the breast,
Have from Him powers of healing.

J. H. Perkins.

JANUARY 13.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Longfellow.

JANUARY 14.

Enough to feel
That God, indeed, is good. Enough to
know,
Without the gloomy cloud, He could re-
veal
No beauteous bow.

Wm. Crosswell.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 15.

While the day lingers, do thy best.
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest will be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

JANUARY 16.

She lives, her heart-beats given to others'
needs,
Her hands, to lift for others on the way
The burdens which their weariness for-
sook.

M. A. Townsend.

JANUARY 17.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but
their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the se-
cret that clasps it is rarer.

R. Realf.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 18.

Friends my soul with joy remembers,
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart!

Longfellow.

JANUARY 19.

What's fame, when the truth is told? A
shout to a distant hill,
The crags may echo a while; but fainter
and fainter still.

M. A. De Vere.

JANUARY 20.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'tis blessed
not to know;
It keeps me still in those mighty arms
which will not let me go,
And lulls my weariness to rest on the
bosom that loves me so.

M. G. Brainard.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 21.

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Longfellow.

JANUARY 22.

In those calm eyes I see
The image of the Master, Christ, alone,
And from those patient lips I hear one
prayer:
"Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may be
like Thee!"

R. G. Bowker.

JANUARY 23.

Thou shalt not want for light enough,
When earthly moons grow dim;
The dawn is but begun for thee,
When thou shalt hand, so tremblingly,
Thy empty lamp to Him.

S. P. McL. Greene.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 24.

Out of the heart there flew a little sing-
ing bird,
Past the dawn and the dew, where
leaves of morning stirred;
And the heart which followed on said,
"Though the bird be flown
Which sang in the dew and the dawn,
the song is still my own."

V. W. Cloud.

JANUARY 25.

O friend! O best of friends! Thy ab-
sence more
Than the impending night darkens the
landscape o'er.

Longfellow.

JANUARY 26.

Earth has a joy unknown in Heaven—
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

A. L. Hillhouse.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 27.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Longfellow.

JANUARY 28.

If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Holmes.

JANUARY 29.

Then, since we see about us sin and dole,
And some things good—why not, with
hand and soul,
Wrestle and succor out of wrong and sor-
row;
Grasping the swords of strife;
Making the most of life?

E. W. Ellsworth.

AMERICAN POETS

JANUARY 30.

O love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Holmes.

JANUARY 31.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Phæbe Cary.

FEBRUARY 1.

Where is the heart that doth not keep
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?

E. C. Howarth.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 2.

May my soul attuned be
To that perfect harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound.
Fills the universe around.

W. H. Furness.

FEBRUARY 3.

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

Emerson.

FEBRUARY 4.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love for Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire!

R. Palmer.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 5.

They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight . . .
Who have held to their faith unseduced

. . .
Who have dared for a high cause to
suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to
die.

W. W. Story.

FEBRUARY 6.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with
sculptures,

But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 7.

Daily struggling, though unloved and
lonely;

Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

H. W. Sewall.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 8.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow
us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
met with elsewhere.

J. H. Payne.

FEBRUARY 9.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

Emerson.

FEBRUARY 10.

The first secret of continued power
Is the continued conquest: all our sway
Hath surety in the uses of the hour.

W. G. Simms.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 11.

Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 12.

No matter how barren the past may have
been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves
are green.

Lowell.

FEBRUARY 13.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 14.

Dearer than the words that hide
The love abiding,
Are the words that fondly chide,
When love needs chiding.

B. Taylor.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 15.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

J. Hopkinson.

FEBRUARY 16.

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around—
Earth and her waters and the depths of
air—
Comes a still voice.

Bryant.

FEBRUARY 17.

Patience! accomplish thy labor; accom-
plish thy work of affection.
Sorrow and silence are strong, and pa-
tient endurance is godlike.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 18.

I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

P. H. Brown.

FEBRUARY 19.

The good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 20.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

Bryant.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 21.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

G. W. Doane.

FEBRUARY 22.

I still would bless my fellow men,
And trust them, though deceived again.
God help me still to kindly view
The world that I am passing through.

L. M. Child.

FEBRUARY 23.

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Emerson.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 24.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings—
I know that God is good.

Whittier.

FEBRUARY 25.

The most of you (this is what strikes all
 beholders)
Have a mental and physical stoop in the
 shoulders:
Though you ought to be free as the winds
 and the waves,
You've the gait and the manners of run-
 away slaves.

Lowell.

FEBRUARY 26.

Gentleness and Love and Trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust.
Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

FEBRUARY 27.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst
throw—

If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and
woe.

W. H. Sewall.

FEBRUARY 28.

The heights by great men reached and
kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 29.

Hast then no faith? Thine is the fault.
What prophets, heroes, sages, saints
Have loved, on thee still makes assault,
Thee with immortal things acquaints.
On life then seize;
Doubt is disease.

J. L. Spalding.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 1.

'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.
E. R. Sill.

MARCH 2.

O tuneful lark! . . . Sweet rose!
. . .
Sing, bloom, because ye must, and not
for praise.
If only we, who covet the fair boon
Of well-earned fame, and wonder where
it lies,
Would read the secret in your simple
ways!
C. A. Mason.

MARCH 3.

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight,
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight.
D. B. Sickels.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 4.

It may be He keeps waiting, for the coming
of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some
joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble with the
thanks they cannot speak.

M. G. Brainard.

MARCH 5.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled:
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Longfellow.

MARCH 6.

Of all our good, of all our bad,
This one thing only is of worth—
We held the league of heart to heart
The only purpose of the earth.

R. Hovey.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 7.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Longfellow.

MARCH 8.

Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the
foolish, mind;
And lead still further on such as Thy
kingdom seek.

T. Parker.

MARCH 9.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

H. E. B. Stowe.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 10.

In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast;
Let me, repentant, work for Thee!

H. F. Jackson.

MARCH 11.

Mark thou their difference, child of
earth!

While each performs his part,
Not all the Lip can speak is worth
The silence of the Heart.

J. Q. Adams.

MARCH 12.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wand'ring
thought
To its high state.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 13.

Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

Emerson.

MARCH 14.

Whither my heart has gone, there follows
my hand and not elsewhere;
For, when the heart goes before, like a
lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear that else lie
hidden in darkness.

Longfellow.

MARCH 15.

The man who frets at worldly strife
Grows sallow, sour and thin;
Give us the lad whose happy life
Is one perpetual grin.

J. R. Drake.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 16.

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.
Bryant.

MARCH 17.

Like summer's beam, and summer's
stream.
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.
J. G. C. Brainard.

MARCH 18.

Still flows the fount whose waters
strengthen thee,
The victor's names are yet too few to
fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious
armory
That ministered to thee, is open still.
Bryant.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 19.

Better is childhood's thoughtless trust
Than manhood's daring scorn;
The fear that creeps along the dust
Than doubt in hearts forlorn.

T. D. Woolsey.

MARCH 20.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancý,
The freshness of young flowers.

E. C. Pinkney.

MARCH 21.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 22.

Let them that dwell within the gates of
light,
And them that sit on thrones—let seraphs
hear—
Let laurelled saints and let all angels
hear—
A human soul knows and adores its God!
W. W. Lord.

MARCH 23.

The spirit-world around this world of
sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and every-
where
Wafts through these earthly mists and
vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.
Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 24.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Holmes.

MARCH 25.

Do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my
strength,
Impend around me?

Bryant.

MARCH 26.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.

G. P. Morris.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 27.

Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly
fate—

God never made a tyrant nor a slave:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate

His glorious image!—for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate.

W. L. Garrison.

MARCH 28.

To do is to succeed—our fight
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is victory!

Whittier.

MARCH 29.

Plainly, this world is not a scope for bliss,
But duty. Yet we see not all that is,
Nor may be, some day, if we love the
light.

What man is, in desires,
Whispers where man aspires.

E. W. Ellsworth.

AMERICAN POETS

MARCH 30.

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

H. F. Jackson.

MARCH 31.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in
your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless
shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.

E. A. Allen.

APRIL 1.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults of
wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her
path.

Bryant.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 2.

How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to
heaven

When you and I were boys!

G. P. Morris.

APRIL 3.

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Longfellow.

APRIL 4.

Give me, Lord, eyes to behold the
truth,
A seeing sense that knows the eternal
right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest
ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness
light.

T. Parker.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 5.

No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of
things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings.

Lowell.

APRIL 6.

Old letters, stained . . .
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—
who may know?
I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
And lo! love's prophecies and sweet
regrets.

E. A. Allen.

APRIL 7.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us, unawares,
Out of all meaner cares.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 8.

God help us all to kindly view
The world that we are passing through!
L. M. Child.

APRIL 9.

Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse
them all;
But for our blunders—Oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall!
E. R. Sill.

APRIL 10.

God keep you then when slumber melts
away,
And care and strife
Take up new arms to fret our waking
life,
God keep you through the battle of the
day.

M. A. De Vere.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 11.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high
For which we wait.

Longfellow.

APRIL 12.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

Whittier.

APRIL 13.

I would joy in your joy: let me have a
friend's part
In the warmth of your welcome of hand
and of heart.

Whittier.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 14.

Sweet names, the rosary of my evening
prayer,
Told on my lips like kisses of good-night
To friends who go a little from my sight,
And some through distant years shine
clear and fair.

G. E. Woodberry.

APRIL 15.

The world hath sorrow, nothing more,
To give or keep for thee;
Duty is in that hidden flame,
And soaring joy: then rise for shame
That thou so dark shouldst be.

S. P. McL. Greene.

APRIL 16.

Be ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith, in love am I!
For now 'tis sun and now 'tis shower,
And now 'tis frost and now 'tis flower,
And now 'tis Laura laughing-eyed
And now 'tis Laura shy.

C. Scollard.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 17.

And if he should come again
In the old glad way,

. . .

I should close my eyes and smile,
And my soul would be
Like the peace of summer noons
Beside the sea.

R. Hovey.

APRIL 18.

With love she vanquished hate and over-
came
Evil with good, in her Great Master's
name.

Bryant.

APRIL 19.

A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

E. C. Pinkney.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 20.

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given!
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found alone in Heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

APRIL 21.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Longfellow.

APRIL 22.

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

T. B. Read.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 23.

O restless, homeless human soul,
Following for aye thy nameless quest,
The gulls float and the billows roll:
Thou watchest still, and questionest:
Where is *thy* mate, and where thy nest?
E. A. Allen.

APRIL 24.

Seize the great thought, ere yet its power
be past,
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion
fast.
Bryant.

APRIL 25.

Misfortune to have lived not knowing
thee!
'Twere not high living, nor to noblest
end,
Who, dwelling near, learned not sin-
cerity.
A. B. Alcott.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 26.

O give me back a world of life,
Something to love and trust,
Something to quench my inward strife
And lift me from the dust!

T. D. Woolsey.

APRIL 27.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words.

E. C. Pinkney.

APRIL 28.

Trust no Future, however pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

APRIL 29.

In the silent west,
Many sails at rest,
Their anchors fast;
Thither I pilot thee—
Land, ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

E. Dickinson.

APRIL 30.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

H. F. Jackson.

MAY I.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Bryant.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 2.

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:
Let such travail not be wasted!

A. Coles.

MAY 3.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Longfellow.

MAY 4.

Shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?

Bryant.

MAY 5.

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's
tasking:

'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

Lowell.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 6.

I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap:
Rock me to sleep, mother—Rock me to
sleep!

E. A. Allen.

MAY 7.

Love is life, but hatred is death. Not
father nor mother
Loved you as God has loved you; for
'twas that you may be happy
Gave He His only Son.

Longfellow.

MAY 8.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Whittier.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 9.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

MAY 10.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learn-
ing's lore.

H. D. Thoreau.

MAY 11.

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Lowell.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 12.

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.
H. F. Jackson.

MAY 13.

. . . Let me, singing, sit apart
In tender quiet with a few,
And keep my fame upon my heart—
A little blush-rose wet with dew.
S. M. B. Piatt.

MAY 14.

What sin and shame that hindrance may
forefend
Which we so hate and storm against to-
day!
What mighty evils over all impend,
Averted graciously by kind delay.
C. F. Bates.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 15.

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes:
Men crown the knave, and scourge the
tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

E. R. Sill.

MAY 16.

God keep you, dearest, all this lonely
night:
The winds are still,
The moon drops down behind the west-
ern hill;
God keep you safely, dearest, till the
light.

M. A. De Vere.

MAY 17.

"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Was my childhood's early prayer,
Taught by my mother's love and care.

E. H. Pullen.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 18.

Let us do our work as well—
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Longfellow.

MAY 19.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen—
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

Whittier.

MAY 20.

The highest thoughts no utterance find,
The holiest hope is dumb,
In silence grows the immortal mind,
And speechless deep joys come.

J. L. Spalding.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 21.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May!

Longfellow.

MAY 22.

They have not perished—no!—
Kind words, remembered voices once so
sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent
seat.

W. C. Bryant.

MAY 23.

O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Sav-
iour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still
prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild be-
havior,
And calming passion's fierce and
stormy gales.

W. C. Doane.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 24.

Through Christ, O Lord, I pray Thee
give to me
Not what I would, but what seems best
to Thee
Of life, of health, of service and of
strength,
Until to Thy full joy I come at length.
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing shall not fail.

C. F. Richardson.

MAY 25.

I cannot stand before the thought of
thee,
Infinite Fulness of Eternity!
So close that all the outlines of the
land
Are lost: in the inflowing of thy sea
I cannot stand.

P. H. Savage.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 26.

Dear, if you love me, hold me most your
friend,
Chosen from out the many who would
bear
Your gladness gladly—heavily your
care;
Who best can sympathize, best compre-
hend,
Where others fail.

A. D. Miller.

MAY 27.

“Thou art a fool,” said my head to my
heart—
“Indeed, the greatest of fools thou art
To be led astray by the trick of a tress,
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart;”
And my heart was in sore distress.

P. L. Dunbar.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 28.

Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
Longfellow.

MAY 29.

Loving as myself my fellow man—
Thus clearest shall I show my love to
God.

W. L. Garrison.

MAY 30.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!
W. H. Thompson.

AMERICAN POETS

MAY 31.

Her air, her face, each charm
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must
glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye, must show
An all-inspiring soul.

L. Frisbie.

JUNE 1.

'Tis true, one half of woman's life is hope
And one half resignation. Between
there lies
Anguish of broken dreams—doubt, 'dire
surprise,
And then is born the strength with all to
cope.

M. A. Townsend.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 2.

Every little brown bird that doth sing
Hath something greater than itself, and
bears

A living Word to every living thing.
Albeit it hold the Message unawares.

R. Realf.

JUNE 3.

Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not
from fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves, but the heart
that loveth is willing.

Longfellow.

JUNE 4

Thus we sail without care or sorrow,
With trust for to-day and hope for to-
morrow.

S. W. Duffield.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 5.

It cannot be that, after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind.

D. B. Sickels.

JUNE 6.

Some 'day, glad, but wondering not,
We two shall meet and, face to face,
In still, fair fields unseen as yet,
Shall talk of each old time and place.

S. C. Woolsey.

JUNE 7.

Comrade-love is as a welding blast
Of candid flame and ardent temperature;
Glowing most fervent, it doth bind more
fast;
And melting both, but makes the union
sure.

J. J. Roche.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 8.

Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle.

Longfellow.

JUNE 9.

The wreck, the roar, the murk, the glare
Were nought to her; she simply knew
God's broken images were there
Where healing hands were few.

C. Hickox.

JUNE 10.

To which of us doth greater joy belong?
He hath his love; but I—I have my song.

S. M. Spalding.

JUNE 11.

You came—one look—no word was
spoken,
Our hands, once clasped, forgot to
part,
And though our silence is unbroken,
Heart has found rest on heart.

L. C. Perry.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 12.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

Longfellow.

JUNE 13.

"Give me a fillet, love," quoth I,
"To bind my Sweeting's heart to me,
So ne'er a chance of earth or sky
Shall part us ruthlessly." . . .

"A fillet, boy!"

Love said—"Here's Joy."

J. M. Lippmann.

JUNE 14.

Let others delight mid new pleasures to
roam,
But give me, O give me the pleasures of
home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no
place like Home!

J. H. Payne.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 15.

Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

M. Mercer.

JUNE 16.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

R. Palmer.

JUNE 17.

Do not fear! Heaven is as near
. . . By water as by land.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 18.

Many loved Truth . . .
Those love her best who to themselves
are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to
do.

Lowell.

JUNE 19.

Be strong, be good, be pure!
The right only shall endure:
All things else are but false pretences.

Longfellow.

JUNE 20.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And with the chastened Psalmist own
His judgments too are right.

Whittier.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 21.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will
keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul
from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
Longfellow.

JUNE 22.

He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in His plan;
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.
Emerson.

JUNE 23.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 24.

But what and where are we?—what now
—to-day?
Souls on a globe that spins our lives
away,
A multitudinous world, where heaven
and hell,
Strangely in battle met,
Their gonfalons have set.

E. W. Ellsworth.

JUNE 25.

He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a Book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

E. Dickinson.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 26.

Hands still clasp hands, eyes still reflect
their own;
Yet had one over universes flown,
So far each heart hath from the other
grown,
Alone were less alone.

M. G. Dickinson.

JUNE 27.

He who hath loved hath borne a vassal's
chain,
And worn the royal purple of a king;

His restless soul hath burned with flames
of Hell,
And winged through ever-blooming
fields of Heaven.

W. Malone.

AMERICAN POETS

JUNE 28.

Let us greet, O king,
As we pass along:
He, too, is a king
To whom God giveth song.

A. R. Aldrich.

JUNE 29.

The heart soars up like a bird
From a nest of care;
Up, up to a larger sky,
To a softer air.
No eye can measure its flight
And no hand can tame;
It mounts in beauty and light,
In music and flame.

D. R. Goodale.

JUNE 30.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 1.

Beside my road small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,
Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

L. J. Hall.

JULY 2.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Longfellow.

JULY 3.

For she to many spirits gave
A reverence for the true, the pure,
The perfect—that has power to save
And make the doubting sure.

J. H. Perkins.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 4.

And this be our motto—"In God is our
trust":

And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave.

F. S. Key.

JULY 5.

Love, Thought and Deed forever flow
Forth from one fountain in the human
soul.

J. F. Clarke.

JULY 6.

I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned
clan;

For what are they all in their high con-
ceit,

When man in the bush with God may
meet?

Emerson.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 7.

Downhill the path of Age? Oh no!
Up, up with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening
there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

L. J. Hall.

JULY 8.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown
they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed,
and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned
no more.

Bryant.

JULY 9.

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain.

E. C. Pinkney.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 10.

I strive to learn humility,
And trust in Him who rules above,
Whose universal law is Love.
Thus only can I kindly view
The world that I am passing through.
L. M. Child.

JULY 11.

Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.
Emerson.

JULY 12.

Being born to battles, fight we must;
Under which ensign is our only choice.
We know to wage our best;
God only knows the rest.
E. W. Ellsworth.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 13.

Thou shalt share
The prophet-joy that kept forever glad
God's poet-souls when all a world was
sad.

S. W. Mitchell.

JULY 14.

The world of the affections is thy world—
Not that of man's ambition.

Longfellow.

JULY 15.

Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in Heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 16.

Hast thou . . . unarmed, faced danger
with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech
refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be
thine!

Emerson.

JULY 17.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

R. Palmer.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 18.

We shall sit beside the silver springs
That flow from God's own footstool, and
 behold
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed
 few
Who loved us once and were beloved of
 old,
To dwell with them and walk with
 them anew.

T. W. Parsons.

JULY 19.

Yea, all that we can wield is worth the
 end,
If sought as God's and man's most loyal
 friend;
Naked we come into the world, and take
 Weapons of various skill:
Let us not use them ill.

E. W. Ellsworth.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 20.

Thou shalt abide in realms of poesy,
There soul hath touch of soul, and there
the great
Cast wide to welcome thee joy's golden
gate.

S. W. Mitchell.

JULY 21.

Work!—for some good, be it ever so
slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God.

F. S. Osgood.

JULY 22.

“Without haste, without rest:”
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well.

G. C. Cox.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 23.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

W. H. Burleigh.

JULY 24.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified—
Up springs Paradise around.

Emerson.

JULY 25.

I do not believe the sad story
Of ages of sleep in the tomb;
I shall pass far away to the glory
And grandeur of Kingdom Come.

O. Curry.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 26.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

L. Frisbie.

JULY 27.

Leave behind us
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 28.

Our loved and dead, if they should
come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
—not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death
can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we
live and see!

M. M. Dodge.

JULY 29.

Heaven is open every day;
In night also
He that would wend his upward way
May surely go.

C. G. Whiting.

JULY 30.

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth;
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

JULY 31.

Approve her way, but lead her to thine
own—
For learn, fond youth, wouldst thou es-
cape disaster,
That woman likes a slave—but loves a
master.

W. Young.

AUGUST 1.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

J. V. Cheney.

AUGUST 2.

He that is strong is stronger if he wear
Something of self beyond all human
clasp—
An inner self, behind unlifted folds
Of life, which men can touch not nor
lay bare.

M. A. Townsend.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 3.

A spirit broods among the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting
Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills.

R. Realf.

AUGUST 4.

O God, our Father, if we had but truth!
Lost truth,—which thou perchance
Didst let man lose, lest all his wayward
youth
He waste in song and dance,
That he might gain, in searching, might-
ier powers.

E. R. Sill.

AUGUST 5.

A breath can fan love's flame to burning,
Make firm resolve of trembling doubt.
But, strange! at fickle fancy's turning
The selfsame breath can blow it out.

M. A. De Vere.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 6.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

J. B. O'Reilly.

AUGUST 7.

Out of the dusk a shadow—
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence—
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture—
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes—
Life again.

J. B. Tabb.

AUGUST 8.

The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust His love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

W. H. Burleigh.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 9.

Scion of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron, heart of oak—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

A. H. Everett.

AUGUST 10.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of
love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the
Heaven above.

F. S. Osgood.

AUGUST 11.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain—
Ye shall be loved again!

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 12.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

A. Norton.

AUGUST 13.

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts—
These shall be thine only arts.

A. H. Everett.

AUGUST 14.

Yes, visions of his future rest
To man, the pilgrim, here are shown;
Deep love, pure friendship, thrill his
breast,
And hopes rush in of joys unknown.

O. W. B. Peabody.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 15.

By the waters of life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath
was praise.

R. Realf.

AUGUST 16.

Kind messages that pass from land to
land;
Kind letters that betray the heart's
deep history—
In which we feel the pressure of a
hand—
One touch of fire—and all the rest is
mystery!

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 17.

Come, listen, O Love, to the voice of the
dove,
Come, hearken and hear him say,
There are many Tomorrows, my Love,
my Love—
There is only one Today.

J. Miller.

AUGUST 18.

What's love, when the most is said? The
flash of the lightning fleet,
Then, darkness that shrouds the soul: but
the earth is firm to my feet.

M. A. De Vere.

AUGUST 19.

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be recreated from the dust!

E. H. Pullen.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 20.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful
the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect
day!

Through love to light! Through light,
O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal
light of light! *R. W. Gilder.*

AUGUST 21.

His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
Longfellow.

AUGUST 22.

O God, Thou faithful God! . . .
Give me a body sound;
And in it builded well,
Let an unblemished soul
And a good conscience dwell.
N. L. Frothingham.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 23.

Through the climes of the sky and the
bowers
Of bliss evermore I shall roam,
Wearing crowns of the stars and the
flowers
That glitter in Kingdom Come.
O. Curry.

AUGUST 24.

Her little motions, when she spoke—
The presence of an upright soul—
The living light that from her broke:
It was the perfect whole!
J. H. Perkins.

AUGUST 25.

A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to
bleed . . .
Time shall embalm and magnify thy
name!
W. L. Garrison.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 26.

Lo! the broad fields, with harvest white,
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite;
And he who labors and believes
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

W. H. Burleigh.

AUGUST 27.

Love is hardest to be hidden.
Do your best, you can't conceal it;
Actions, looks and tones reveal it.

J. F. Clarke.

AUGUST 28.

In the meadows of Life we strayed to-
gether,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to
and fro.

R. Realf.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 29.

Then might they say—these vanished
ones—and blessèd is the thought,
“So death is sweet to us, beloved! though
we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mys-
tery of death:
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mys-
tery of breath.”

M. M. Dodge.

AUGUST 30.

One constant element of luck
Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim, the mongrel's hold
will slip;
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's
grip.

Emerson.

AMERICAN POETS

AUGUST 31.

Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in
glory—

To Thee all knees are bent, all voices
pray;

Thy love has blest the wide world's won-
drous story

With light and life since Eden's dawn-
ing day.

W. C. Doane.

SEPTEMBER 1.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,

But we have feet to scale and climb

By slow degrees, by more and more,

The cloudy summits of our time.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 2.

Thou wonder-wakened soul!
As Dawn doth steal on Night,
On thee soft Love hath stole.
Thine eye, that blooms with light,
What makes its charm so new—
Its sunshine, or its dew?

R. U. Johnson.

SEPTEMBER 3.

The essential truth of life remains,
Its goodness and its beauty too,
Pure love's unutterable gains,
And hope which thrills us through and
through.
God has not fled;
Souls are not dead.

J. L. Spalding.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 4.

These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we
thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.
E. R. Sill.

SEPTEMBER 5.

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts,
Are broken when this body dies
And the immortal mind departs.
D. B. Sickels.

SEPTEMBER 6.

My Redeemer and my Lord . . .
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burn-
ing.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 7.

The friends who have parted . . .
Their voices were lost in the soundless
Retreats of their endless Home;
But soon we shall meet in the boundless
Effulgence of Kingdom Come.

O. Curry.

SEPTEMBER 8.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

Longfellow.

SEPTEMBER 9.

With . . . passions under ban,
True faith and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

W. D. Gallagher.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 10.

Let the noble motto be—
God, the Country, Liberty!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.
A. H. Everett.

SEPTEMBER 11.

I pray thee by thy mother's face,
And by her look and by her eye . . .
By every prayer thy mother taught,
By every blessing that she sought—
I pray thee to be good.
J. G. C. Brainard.

SEPTEMBER 12.

Beat on, my heart, and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.
L. J. Hall.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 13.

O touch me not, unless thy soul
Can claim my soul as thine;
Give me no earthly flowers that fade,
No love but love divine.

E. D. Glynes.

SEPTEMBER 14.

Behold, this is my crown—
Love will not let me be;
Love holds me here; Love cuts me
down;
And it is well with me.

L. W. Reese.

SEPTEMBER 15.

I know and esteem you, and feel that
your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 16.

Give me the room where every nook is
dedicated to a book:

Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there.

F. D. Sherman.

SEPTEMBER 17.

How shall we tell an angel
From another guest?

The old Sphinx smiles so subtly:

"I give no golden rule—

Yet would I warn thee, World: treat
well

Whom thou call'st fool."

G. Hall.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 18.

God answered him: I set you here on
high
Upon my beacon-tower: you know not
why.

You may not guess but that it shines in
vain,
Yet, till it is burned out you must re-
main.

E. L. White.

SEPTEMBER 19.

The old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of
Heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual
peace.

Bryant.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 20.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.

E. C. Pinkney.

SEPTEMBER 21.

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak
what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sa-
cred professions of friendship.

Longfellow.

SEPTEMBER 22.

An angel stood and met my gaze
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays:
I only know she came and went.

Lowell.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 23.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has
 shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like
 yours.

E. A. Allen.

SEPTEMBER 24.

The battle of our life is brief—
The Alarm! The Struggle! The Re-
 lief.

Longfellow.

SEPTEMBER 25.

Who the sorrows would not bear
 Of such a transient world as this,
When Hope displays, beyond its care,
 So bright an entrance into bliss?

O. W. B. Peabody.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 26.

I give a patient God
My patient heart,
And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim:
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

R. S. Howland.

SEPTEMBER 27.

All common things, each day's events
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

Longfellow.

SEPTEMBER 28.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

A. Norton.

AMERICAN POETS

SEPTEMBER 29.

Afford me will and strength
To do the work assigned me,
Whereto, in my true place,
Thy law may call and find me.
N. L. Frothingham.

SEPTEMBER 30.

We look backward and before,
And inward, and we feel there is a life
Impelling us, that need not with this
frame
Or flesh grow feeble.
W. D. Gallagher.

OCTOBER 1.

Accomplish thy labor of love, till the
heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and
rendered more worthy of Heaven.
Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 2.

I know we cried
When Robin "went away";
But this strange thing we never said,
That what we loved so could be "dead."

E. H. Nason.

OCTOBER 3.

I made a song for my dear love's delight;
I wrought with all sweet words my heart
could lend
To longing lips, and thrilled with joy to
send
The message only love could read aright.

S. M. Spalding.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 4.

O power of love! O wondrous mystery!

How is my dark illumined by thy light
That maketh morning of my gloomy
night,

Setting my soul from Sorrow's bondage
free

With swift-sent revelation!

K. Trask.

OCTOBER 5.

I feel thy presence now:

Feel that the place has taken a charm
from thee,

And is forever hallowed.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 6.

"Give me a fetter, Life," quoth I,
"To bind to mine my Sweeting's heart;

I prithee, Life, no more forbear—
Why dost thou wait and falter so?
Haste, Life—be brief!"
Said Life, "Here's Grief."

J. M. Lippmann.

OCTOBER 7.

Thou dreamest the word shall return,
shot arrow-like into the air,
The wound in the breast where it
lodged be balmed and closed for
thy prayer!

For this, that thou prayest fond things,
'tis a far cry to Heaven, my soul!

E. M. Thomas.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 8.

Look not with favor on my face,
Nor answer my caress,
Unless my soul have first found grace
Within thy sight; express
Only the truth, though it should be
Cold as the ice on northern sea.

E. D. Glynes.

OCTOBER 9.

The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have
not the power to deny you.

Longfellow.

OCTOBER 10.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and 'death
His mercy underlies.

Whittier.

[100]

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 11.

Heaven is mirrored, Love, 'deep in thine
eyes;

Soft falls its shimmering light upon
thy face:

Tell me, Beloved, is this Paradise,
Or but Love's bower in some deep-
sheltered place?

K. Trask.

OCTOBER 12.

Men, in peace time, stand aloof
One from the other, asking proof
Of lineage and race and roof.
But let the blast of battle call—
Lo! they're unquestioning comrades all.

J. M. Lippmann.

OCTOBER 13.

Of this be sure, my dearest, whatever
thy life befall—

The cross that our own hands fashion is
the heaviest cross of all.

K. E. Conway.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 14.

O never speak of love to me,
Unless thy heart can feel
That in the face of Deity
Thou wouldst that love reveal:
For God is love, and His bright law
Should find our hearts without one flaw.

E. D. Glynes.

OCTOBER 15.

A viewless thing is Love,
And a name that vanisheth;
But her strength is the wind's wild
strength above,
For she conquers shame and death.

R. Burton.

OCTOBER 16.

In what men call Sleep . . .
Strong, silent forces push my puny self
Towards unguessed issues, and the wak-
ing man
Rises a Greatheart where a Slave lay
down.

R. Burton.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 17.

He came too late!—Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.

E. Bogart.

OCTOBER 18.

There be many kinds of parting—yes, I
know
Some with fond, grieving eyes that over-
flow,
Some with brave hands that strengthen as
they go;
Ah yes, I know—I know.

M. G. Dickinson.

OCTOBER 19.

Honor me above
All other women, since I am too true
To trap you with my sex's smaller arts.

A. D. Miller.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 20.

I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps
are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the
rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and unin-
vited.

Longfellow.

OCTOBER 21.

He entered at the door, the other flew
Out at the casement. . . . He who came
most new
Was fair, and he who went was wan and
gray.
“For I am Love who came,” and “Be con-
tent,”
Sang this one—“It was Poverty who
went!”

E. Pullen.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 22.

Though but a candle thou didst have,
Its trimmed and glowing ray
Is infinite. With God, no light
Is great or small, but only bright,
As is His perfect day.

S. P. McL. Greene.

OCTOBER 23.

Are we blest spirits of some glad new
birth,
Floating at last in God's eternity?
Or art thou, Love, still but a man on
earth,
And I a woman clinging close to thee?

K. Trask.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 24.

If the wind and the brook and the bird
 would teach
My heart their beautiful parts of speech,
And the natural art that they say these
 with,
 . . . the world would be richer one
 poet the more.

M. Cawein.

OCTOBER 25.

So doth all end—
 Honored Philosophy,
 Science and Art,
 The bloom of the heart!
Master, Consoler, Friend,
 Make Thou the harvest of our days
 To fall within Thy ways.

E. M. H. Cortissov.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 26.

Hast thou a lamp, a little lamp,
Put in that hand of thine?
And did He say, who gave it thee,
The world hath need this light should
be—

Now, therefore, let it shine?

S. P. McL. Greene.

OCTOBER 27.

Who have spread us the purple of
praises beneath our feet,
Yet guessed not the word that we spake
was a living word,
'Applauding the sound—We account
you as worse than foes!
We sobbed you our message: ye said,
"It is song, and sweet!"

H. G. Cone.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 28.

The eternal life beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate.

Longfellow.

OCTOBER 29.

Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Holmes.

OCTOBER 30.

Who placed the stones now gray with
many years?
And did the rough hands tire, the sore
hearts ache?

Those lives are over. All their hopes and
fears
Are lost like shadows in the morning-
break.

J. M. Lippmann.

AMERICAN POETS

OCTOBER 31.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
R. Realf.

NOVEMBER 1.

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning
share;
And, over hope's horizon line
The future dawns, serenely fair.
E. D. Proctor.

NOVEMBER 2.

His soul-wind blows not always from
the north,
But sometimes also from the gentle south,
And then, like flowers, the tender
words steal forth.

C. F. Bates.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 3.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder
height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

John Burroughs.

NOVEMBER 4.

Above thy head, through sifted clouds
there shines
A glorious star. Be patient.
Trust thy star.

Longfellow.

NOVEMBER 5.

Dear love, the days that once were dear
May come no more; life may fulfill
Her fleeting dreams with many a tear,
But beauty's soul abideth still.

R. B. Wilson.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 6.

The love of man and woman is as fire,
To warm, to light, but surely to consume,
And self-consuming die.

J. J. Roche.

NOVEMBER 7.

Old and yet ever new, and simple and
beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless
succession of lovers.

Longfellow.

NOVEMBER 8.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

H. McE. Kimball.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 9.

O woman, let thy heart not cleave
To any poet's soul!
For he the muse will never leave,
But follow to life's goal.

J. L. Spalding.

NOVEMBER 10.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

John Burroughs.

NOVEMBER 11.

He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

S. K. Bolton.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 12.

O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and
Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary
wastes bewildering—
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts
are bowed.

W. C. Doane.

NOVEMBER 13.

Perhaps the dreaded future is less bitter
than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters before
I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will
stand beside its brink.

M. G. Brainard.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 14.

Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

Longfellow.

NOVEMBER 15.

Oh, frame some little word for me,
None else shall ever hear or see—
Something my soul can call her own,
When suddenly she feels alone.

G. F. Bates.

NOVEMBER 16.

Heaven bends in blessing;
Lost is but won;
Goes the good rain-cloud,
Comes the good sun.

E. R. Sill.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 17.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

NOVEMBER 18.

Only babes whimper,
And sick men wail,
And faint hearts and feeble hearts
And weaklings fail.

E. R. Sill.

NOVEMBER 19.

Not chance of birth or place has made us
friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues
and nations,
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and
aspirations.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 20.

I know not what will befall me: God
hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus, each step of my onward path,
He makes new scenes arise,
And every joy He sends to me comes like
a sweet surprise. *M. G. Brainard.*

NOVEMBER 21.

I wake; thy kiss is on my lips;
Thou art my day, my sun!
But where, O spirit, where wast thou
While the sands of night have run?
A. Fields.

NOVEMBER 22.

More, dear love, to me
Are thy pure eyes than all the stars of
night
That shine in heaven everlastingly!
Night still is night, with every star aglow,
But light were night, didst thou not love
me so. *J. W. Chadwick.*

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 23.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.
John Burroughs.

NOVEMBER 24.

It cannot be that all the years
Of toil and care and grief we live,
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give.
D. B. Sickels.

NOVEMBER 25.

One Hope we ne'er shall rue:
In whose sight all is now;
In whose love all is best.
The things of this world pass away:
Come, let us in Him rest.
F. Sewall.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 26.

Whatever comes, whatever goes,
Still throbs the heart whereby we live;
The primal joys still lighten woes,
And time which steals doth also give.

Fear not; be brave:
God can thee save.

J. L. Spalding.

NOVEMBER 27.

The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and
stung!

The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

E. R. Sill.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 28.

While the nation finds a tongue
For nobler gifts to pray,
'Twill ever sing the song they sung
That first Thanksgiving Day:
 "Praise ye the Lord with fervent
 lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day."
 H. Butterworth.

NOVEMBER 29.

The little Quaker maid,
Timidly, yet not afraid,
Unfolds the sweetness of her soul
To Heavenly control,
And wears upon her quiet face
The Spirit's tender grace.
 E. M. H. Cortissov.

AMERICAN POETS

NOVEMBER 30.

When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three—

Lo, my MASTER
Was the guest that supped with me!
H. M. Kimball.

DECEMBER 1.

For many blessings I to God upraise
A thankful heart; the life He gives is fair
And sweet and good, since He is every-
where,
Still with me even in the darkest ways.
J. L. Spalding.

DECEMBER 2.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
The friends I seek are seeking me,
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.
John Burroughs.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 3.

O Triune God, with heart and voice
adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown
our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still im-
ploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.
W. C. Doane.

DECEMBER 4.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes
forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and
looks
On duties well performed and days well
spent!
Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 5.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.

R. Realf.

DECEMBER 6.

The ladder which the Hebrew saw
Whenas he slept,
From earth God never doth updraw,
But still hath kept.

G. G. Whiting.

DECEMBER 7.

In the room
Of this grief-shadowed present there shall
be
A present in whose reign no grief shall
gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken.

Bryant.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 8.

Our hearts are lamps forever burning
With a steady and unwavering flame,
Pointing upward, forever the same,
Steadily upward toward the Heaven.

Longfellow.

DECEMBER 9.

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of
cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering
trust
That God is God.

S. K. Bolton.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 10.

We sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago.

Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows cold—'tis growing
late;

Well, well! we have garnered all our
sheaves,

I and my darling; and we wait.

R. Realf.

DECEMBER 11.

Yes, we must ever be friends, and of all
who offer you friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the
nearest and dearest.

Longfellow.

DECEMBER 12.

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the
way.

Lowell.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 13.

What's life, what's life, little heart? A
dream when the nights are long,
Toil in the waking days, tears, and a kiss,
a song.

M. A. De Vere.

DECEMBER 14.

On the throngs of men,
On worrying care and strife,
Sinks down, as if from angel tongues,
The word of hope and life.

F. Sewall.

DECEMBER 15.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but Heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 16.

The sun set, but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:

He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again.

Emerson.

DECEMBER 17.

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Whittier.

DECEMBER 18.

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

H. E. B. Stowe.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 19.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!
But, O, believe it not!
I've tried, alas, its power to prove
But thou art not forgot.

F. W. Thomas.

DECEMBER 20.

What cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December
to May.

R. Collyer.

DECEMBER 21.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my
bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-
feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head;
So shall my sleep be sweet.

H. McE. Kimball.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 22.

The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy—no, not one!

Longfellow.

DECEMBER 23.

If He abide, all loss may still be gain,
And darkest night be beautiful as day.
But, lacking Him, the universe is vain,
And man's immortal soul is turned to
clay.

J. L. Spalding.

DECEMBER 24.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

John Burroughs.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 25.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

Phillips Brooks.

DECEMBER 26.

So I go on not knowing—I would not, if
I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with
God than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
than walk alone by sight.

M. G. Brainard.

DECEMBER 27.

Fell the mists from her mind, and she
saw the world far below her—
Dark no longer, but all illumined with
love.

Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 28.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

E. C. Judson.

DECEMBER 29.

Heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part.

J. T. Trowbridge.

DECEMBER 30.

Be strong, be good, be pure!
The right only shall endure;
All things else are but false pretences.

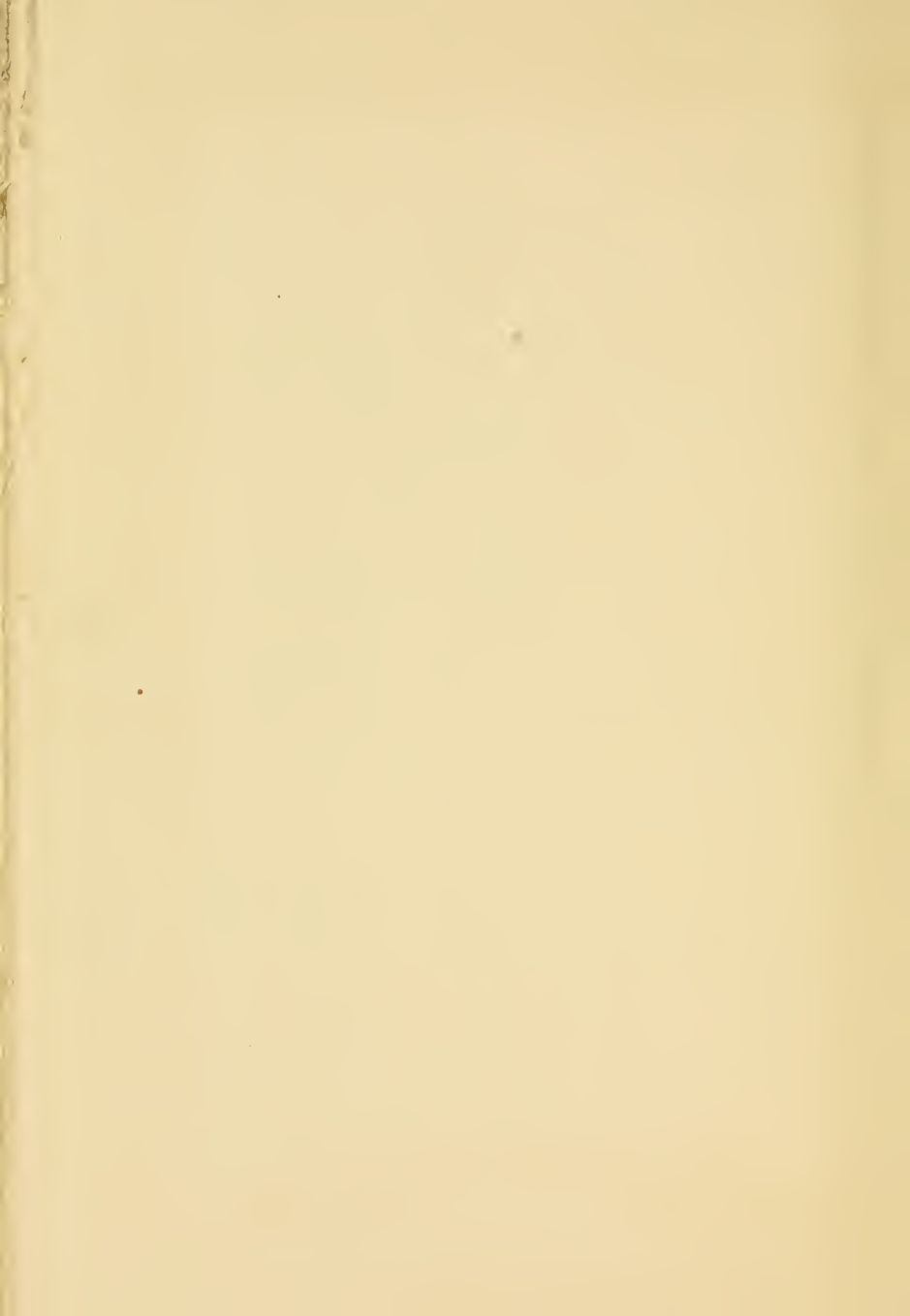
Longfellow.

AMERICAN POETS

DECEMBER 31.

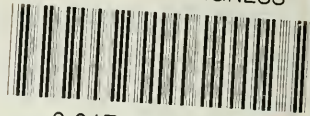
My heart shrinks back from trials which
the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the
dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back with the
whispered word, "He knows."

M. G. Brainard.



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